STAR WARS

DUEL OF THE FATES

COMIC BOOK

HAF comics

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BONUS
DIGITAL EDITION
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STAR WARS

DUEL OF THE FATES

STAR WARS

Episode IX
DUEL OF THE FATES

The iron grip of the FIRST ORDER has spread to the farthest reaches of the galaxy. Only a few scattered planets remain unoccupied. Traitorous acts are punishable by death.

Determined to suffocate a growing unrest, Supreme Leader KYLO REN has silenced all communication between neighboring systems.

Led by GENERAL LEIA ORGANA, the Resistance has planned a secret mission to prevent their annihilation and forge a path to freedom....

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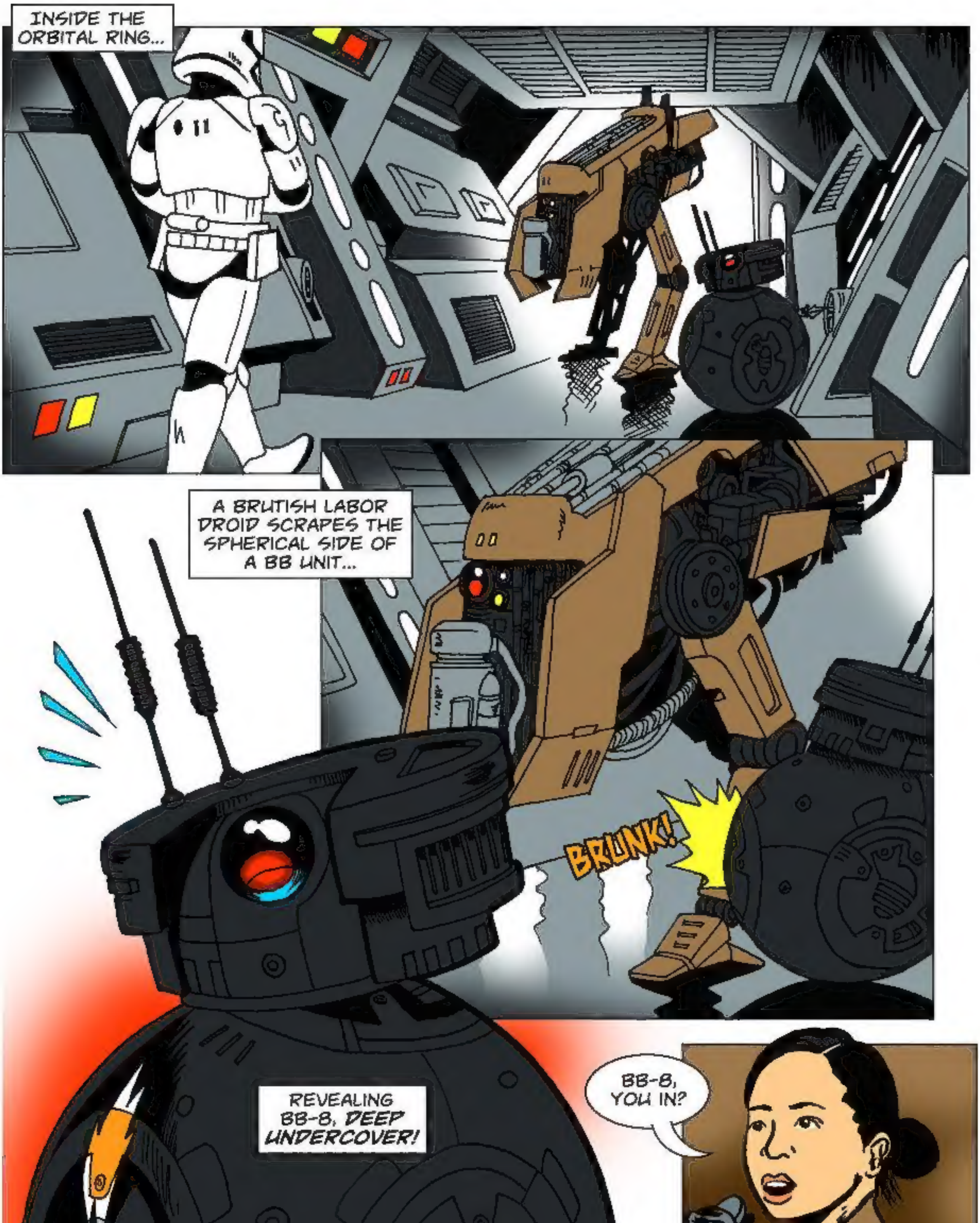
CORE WORLDS.

THE PLANET *KUAT.*

HOME OF THE
KUAT DRIVE YARDS
ORBITAL SHIPYARDS.

PRODUCER OF THE
GALAXY'S MOST TERRIFYING
IMPERIAL WEAPONRY.


INSIDE THE ORBITAL RING...
A BRUTISH LABOR DROID SCRAPES THE SPHERICAL SIDE OF A BB UNIT...
BRUNK!
REVEALING BB-8, DEEP UNDERCOVER!
BB-8, YOU IN?

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I NEED EYES ON THE CHECKPOINT.

BB-8 PLUGS INTO A SCOMP TERMINAL, ANXIOUS, TENSE.

BEEP. BOOP!

THE HOLO LIGHTS UP, BLURRED AND SCRAMBLED.

THE IMAGE UNSCRAMBLES, REVEALING AN APPROACHING DROPSHIP.

ATTA BOY.

THE DROPSHIP TOUCHES DOWN, KICKING UP A STORM OF SAND.

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MIGRANT WORKERS FROM ALL CORNERS OF THE GALAXY DISEMBARK, SUBMITTING TO THE ***FIRST ORDER*** IN EXCHANGE FOR SAFETY AND A SCRAP OF FOOD.

STORMTROOPERS FUNNEL THE MIGRANTS TOWARD A WEAPONS DETECTOR.

CHECKPOINT. KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN.

WE'LL KNOW.

HOW'LL WE KNOW IF BB-8 HACKED THE MAINFRAME?

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ALTHOUGH ARMED, POE AND FINN WALK UP TO THE WEAPONS SCANNER...

... JUST AS THE MACHINE SHUDDERS AND CLICKS OFF.

WE LOST POWER.

HOLD THE LINE.

CLICK!

UP ON THE ORBITAL RING, BB-8'S SCOMP LINK SPINS...

... AND THE STORM-TROOPERS' CONSOLE POWERS UP AGAIN.

POWER'S BACK. GO ON, GET MOVING.

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POE AND FINN PASS THROUGH THE BORDER WALL AND INTO A VAST MIGRANT SETTLEMENT, A VIBRANT MELTING POT.

POE LOCKS EYES WITH ***BISS KOVA***, A FURRY ALIEN WATCHING FROM A MACHINE SHOP.

THAT'S OUR GUY.

FINN AND POE FOLLOW BISS KOVA INSIDE A HUT.

ROSE EMERGES FROM THE BACK.

YOU SAID TWO DAYS. I'VE BEEN HERE TWO ***WEEKS***.

THIS PLACE DOESN'T SEEM SO BAD.

GOOD PEOPLE. TERRIBLE FOOD.

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THIS IS OUR ACCESS POINT.

THIS POWER-SHAFT DELIVERS RAW ORE TO THE ORBITAL RING.

A DETONATION DIRECTLY INTO THE ENERGY STREAM--

HERE

--WILL CAUSE A CHAIN REACTION--

--AND TAKE THE WHOLE THING DOWN.

ALONG WITH THEIR NEW FLEET.

HOW DO WE KNOW THEY HAVEN'T DETECTED BB-8'S SIGNATURE?

THERE'S *A LOT* WE DON'T KNOW. THAT'S WHY I VOTED FOR THE *OTHER* PLAN.

THIS IS WHEN WE SECOND GUESS THE PLAN? RIGHT NOW?

WE CAN TAKE OUT THE ENEMY'S FUEL SOURCE AND BE LIGHT-YEARS AWAY BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT HIT THEM.

BUT WE HAVE TO MOVE *NOW*.

OKAY, LET'S BLOW THIS THING AND GO HOME!

SOON, FINN, ROSE, AND POE MOVE PAST THE MIGRANT WORKERS TOWARD THE POWERSHAFT BASE.

BB-8, DON'T WORRY. I'M ALIVE.

UNLOCK THE POWER-SHAFT DOORS AND GET READY WITH THAT SHUTTLE.

LET'S SEE SOME IDENTIFICATION.

WHACK!

BZZT!

ZZZRRT!

INSIDE THE BASE IS A MASSIVE COLUMN OF PARTICLE ENERGY RUSHING UPWARDS.

WE'LL HAVE TWENTY SECONDS BEFORE DETONATION.

GIVE OR TAKE.

GIVE OR TAKE HOW LONG?

POE HANDS OUT THREE THERMAL DETONATORS.

TOSS THESE DETONATORS UP. NICE AND EASY. JUST LIKE PITCHING PILMETTO STICK.

WE DIDN'T HAVE THAT...

POE ACTIVATES HIS CHARGE.

OH, WE'RE GOING ***NOW?***

POE UNDER-HAND TOSSES HIS CHARGE INTO THE STREAM...

... WHERE IT ROCKETS UPWARDS IN THE PARTICLE FLOW.

BB-8, BOMBS ARE AWAY. WE'LL MEET YOU AT THE RELAY POINT.

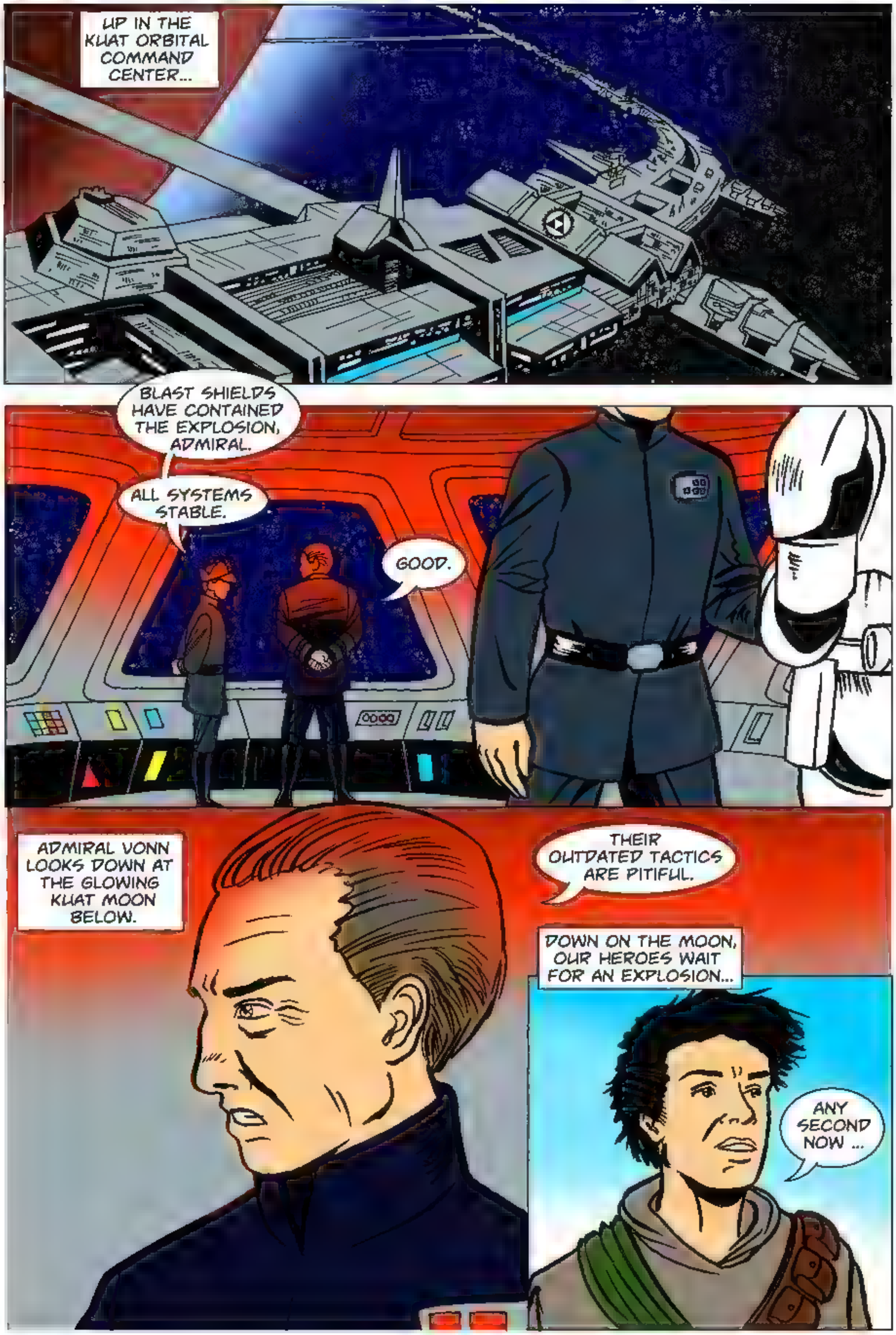
OUR HEROES EXIT THROUGH THE MAINTE-NANCE DOOR...

... TO FIND THEM-SELVES FACE-TO-FACE WITH A PLATOON OF STORMTROOPERS!

DROP YOUR WEAPONS!

DISTRACTION IN THREE, TWO, ONE ...

NOW!


UP IN THE KUAT ORBITAL COMMAND CENTER...
BLAST SHIELDS HAVE CONTAINED THE EXPLOSION, ADMIRAL.
ALL SYSTEMS STABLE.
GOOD.
ADMIRAL VONN LOOKS DOWN AT THE GLOWING KUAT MOON BELOW.
THEIR OUTDATED TACTICS ARE PITIFUL.
DOWN ON THE MOON, OUR HEROES WAIT FOR AN EXPLOSION...
ANY SECOND NOW ...

A HOODED TUSKEN STEPS FORWARD.

TSSSHH!!

BLADES OF BLUE LIGHT FLASH FROM ITS GLOVED HANDS.

VRRNN!

THE TUSKEN TAKES DOWN EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH, LITHE AND DEADLY WITH THE BLADE.

VROWM!

VWAHM!

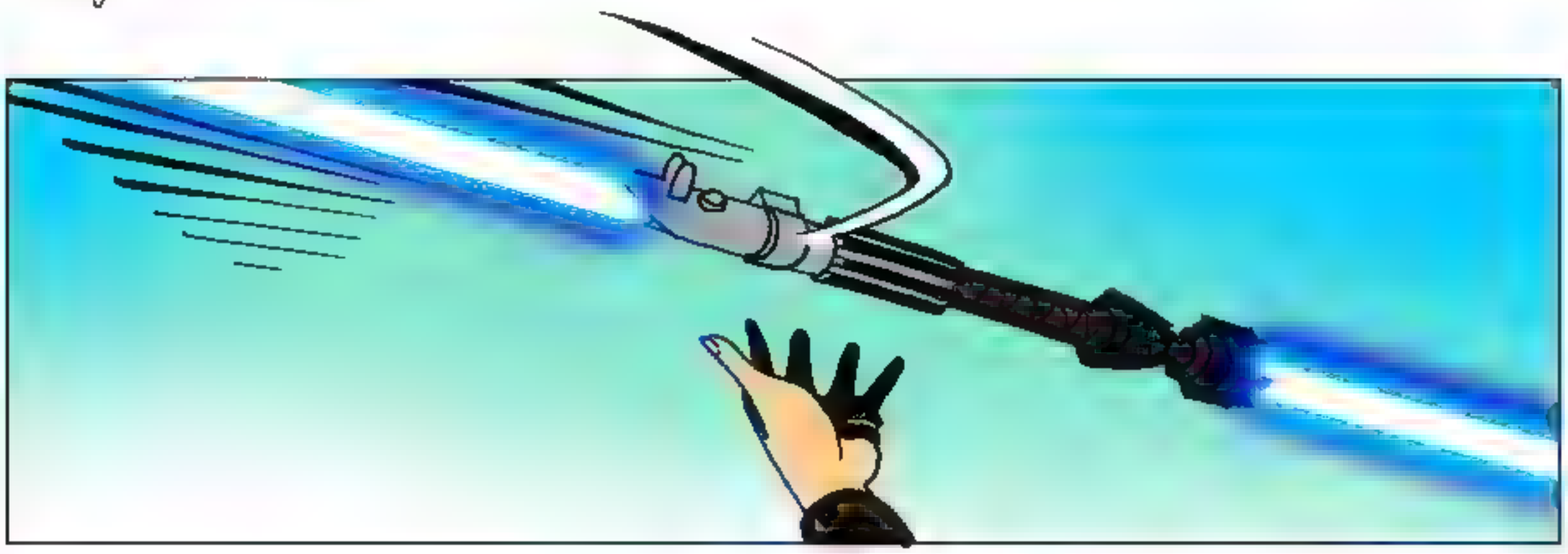
THE TUSKEN'S MASK HITS THE GROUND.

WHUMP!

REY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

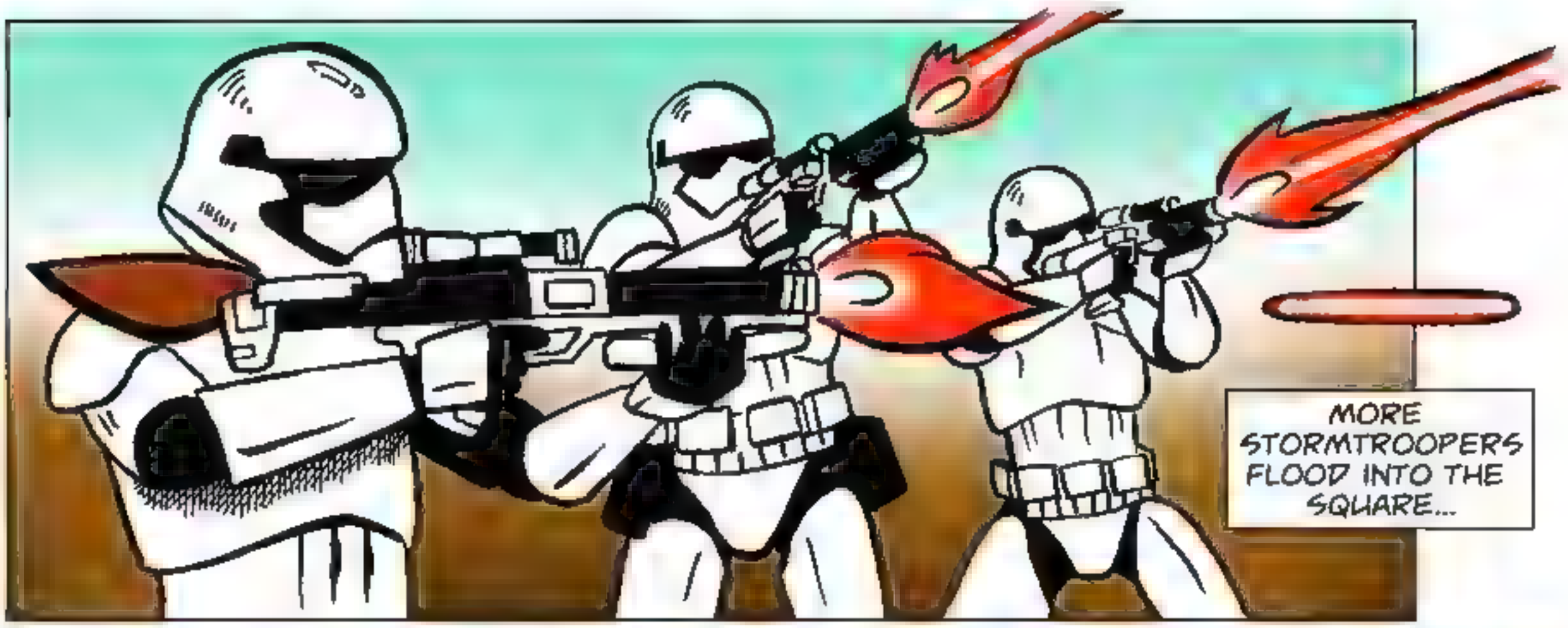
A SIMPLE "THANK YOU" WOULD DO.

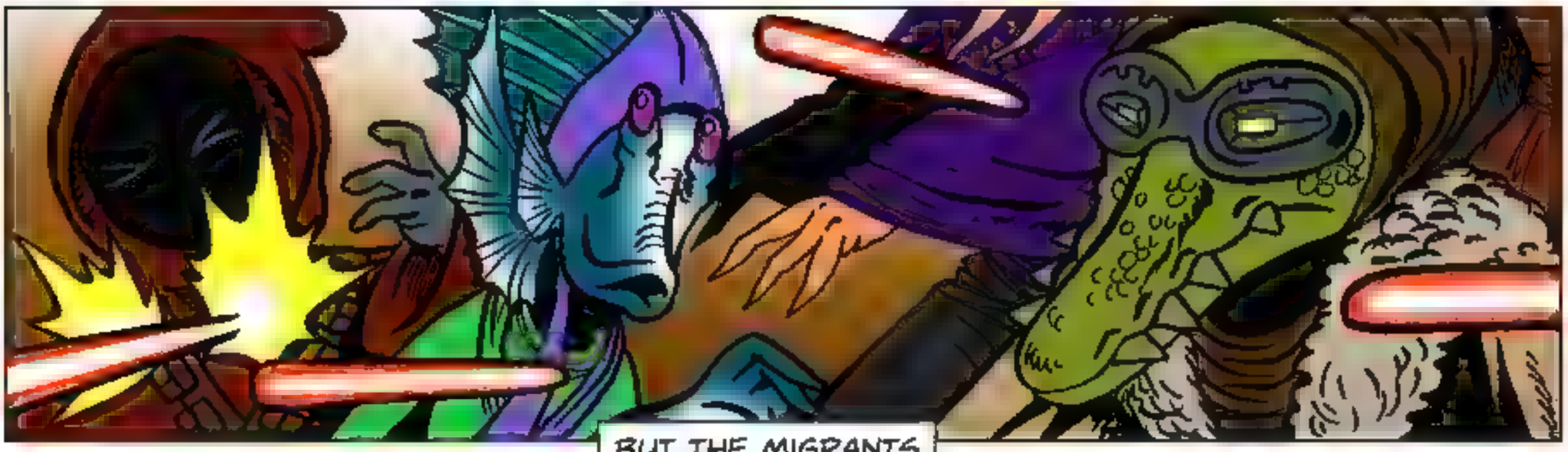
VNNNNN!!



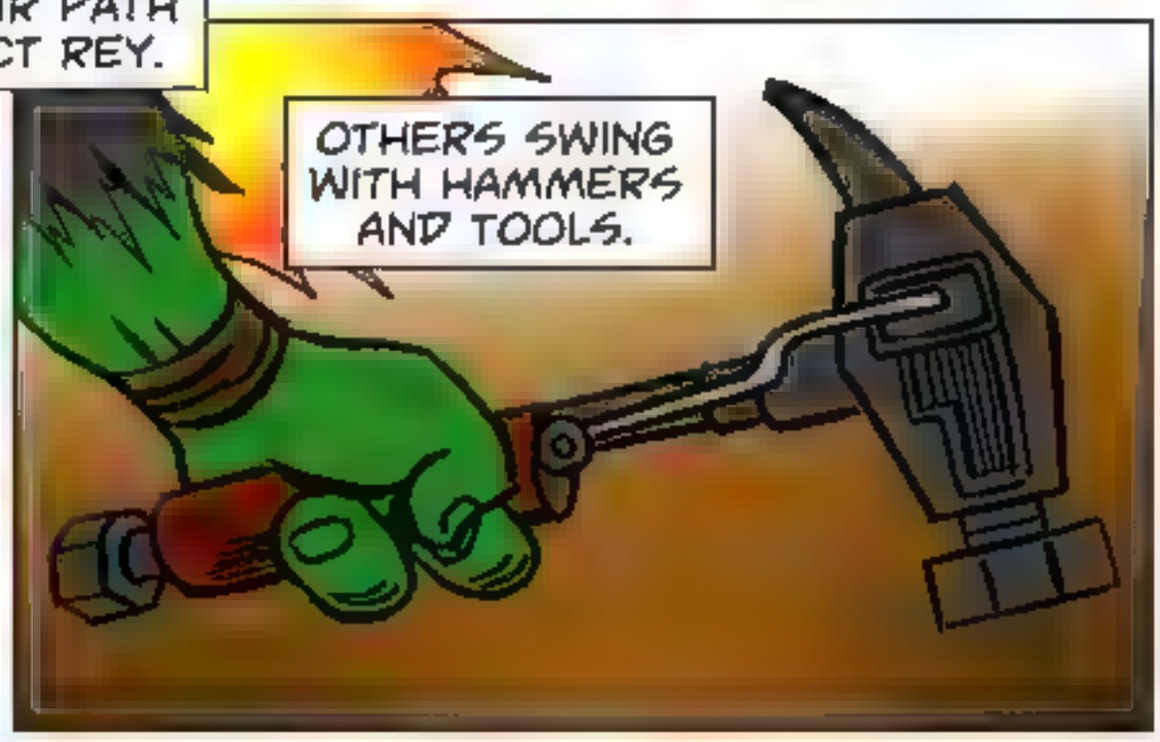
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE.
YOU'D RATHER BE KILLED?
IF IT MEANS YOU'RE SAFE, YEAH.
NOW'S NOT THE TIME.
DEFINITELY NOT THE TIME.

JEDI!
JEDI?
JEDI!!
JEDI.


MORE STORMTROOPERS FLOOD INTO THE SQUARE...


BUT THE MIGRANTS BLOCK THEIR PATH TO PROTECT REY.

SOME THROW ROCKS.


OTHERS SWING WITH HAMMERS AND TOOLS.

IT'S INSPIRING.
A PROMISE OF REVOLUTION!

REY, WE GOTTA GO!

I-- I WANT TO HELP THEM!

NOT HERE. NOT NOW.

REY KNOWS HE'S RIGHT, BUT IT KILLS HER INSIDE.

REY HESITATES, WANTING TO FIGHT ALONGSIDE THE PEOPLE.

AS THE HEROES LEAVE, A FALLEN STORMTROOPER GRASPS AT FINN.

!!

THEY LOCK EYES.

RECOGNITION. A MEMORY FROM LONG AGO.

FINN PULLS FREE AND CONTINUES ON. BUT HE'S SHAKEN.

IN THE ORBITAL COMMAND CENTER...

WHAT HAPPENED DOWN THERE?

THE LAST JEDI IS WITH THEM, SIR.

ALERT THE KNIGHTS OF REN.

REY, POE, FINN AND ROSE RACE TOWARD A MAINTENANCE TURBO-LIFT THAT RUNS TO THE RING ABOVE.

BB-8, WE'RE COMING UP TO YOU! PLAN'S GONE SIDEWAYS.

BB-8 HAS ALREADY LEFT THE ORBITAL RING IN A SHUTTLE.

HE BEEPS INCREDU-LOUSLY.

TWEET!

POE LOOKS UP AT THE RING ABOVE AND NOTICES SOMETHING...

WE'RE GONNA NEED ANOTHER SHIP.

POE'S EYES SETTLE ON A COLOSSAL STAR DESTROYER DOCKED AT THE ORBITAL RING.

YOU'RE *NOT* SERIOUS.

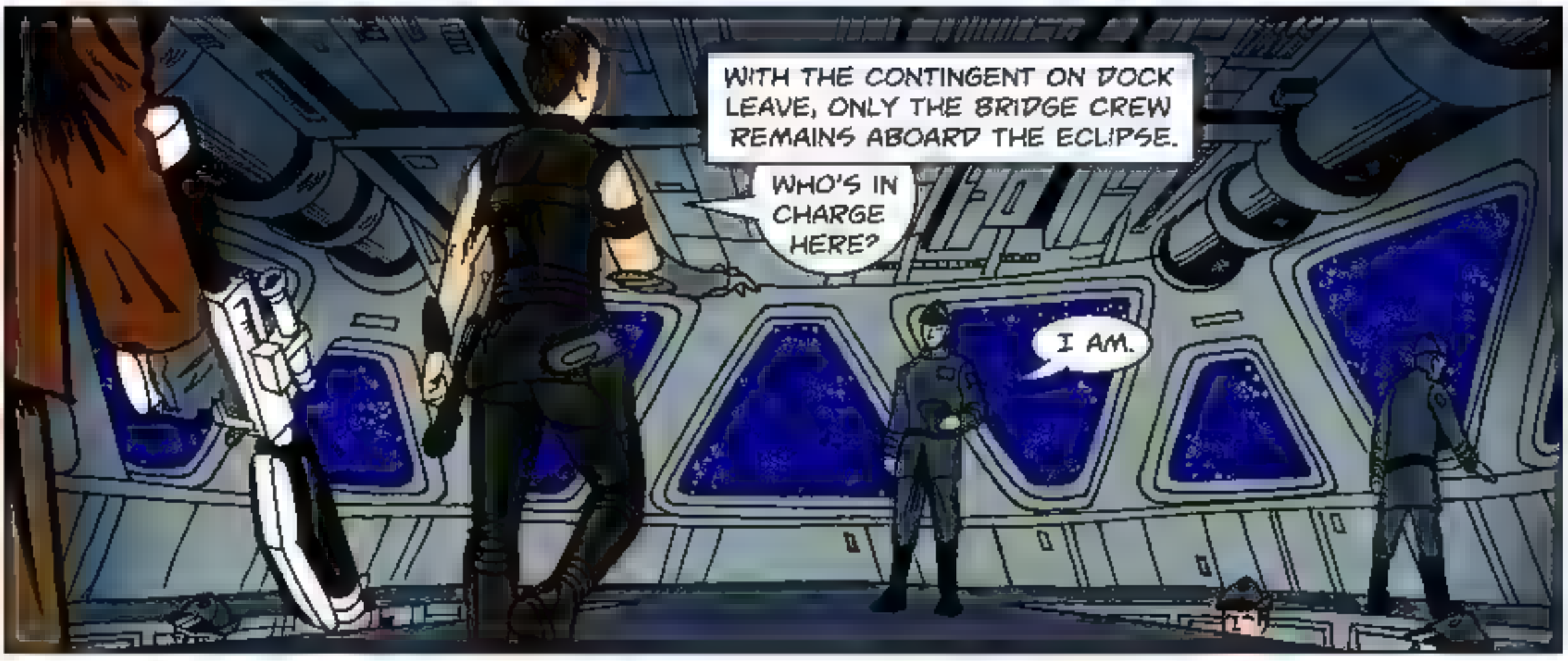
THAT'S AN *ECLIPSE* CLASS DREADNAUGHT. YOU *CAN'T* FLY--

I CAN FLY *ANYTHING!*

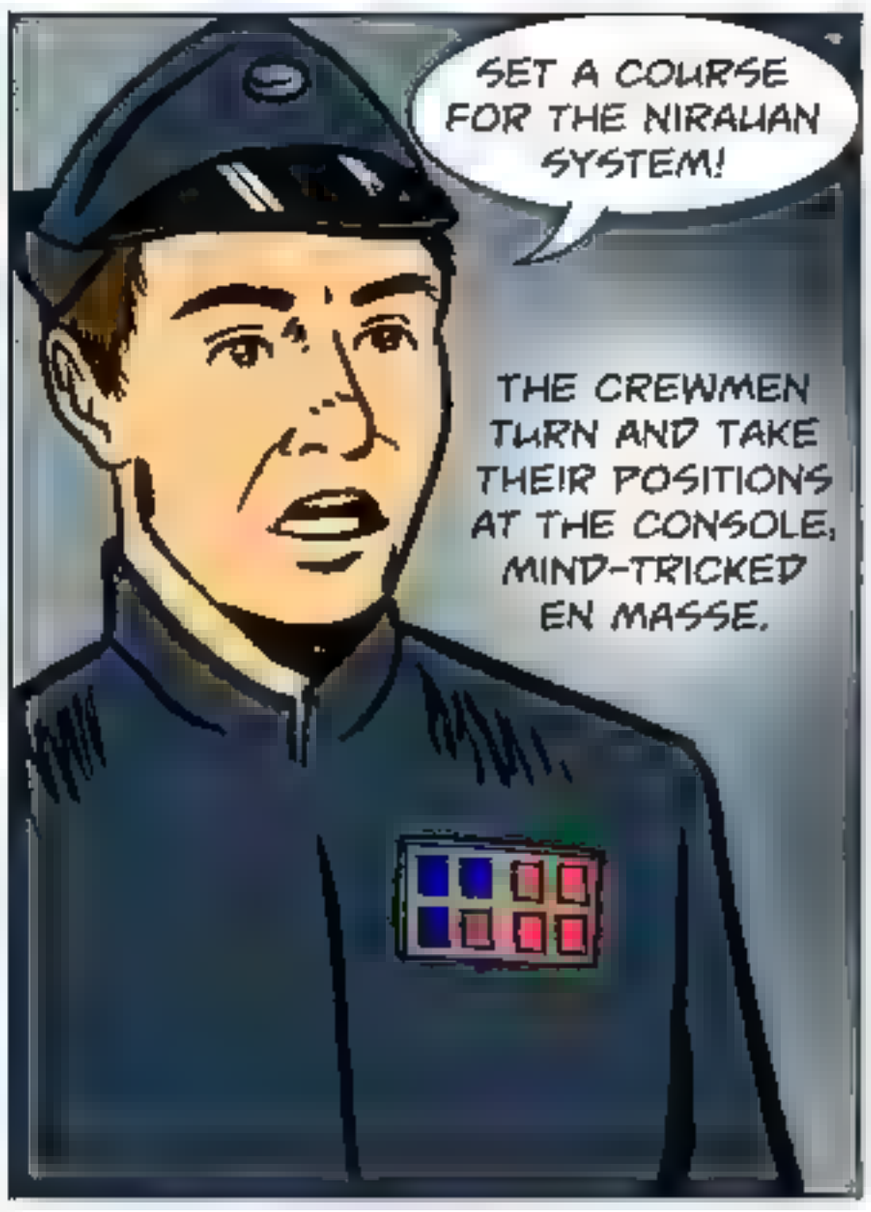
WE HAD BETTER ODDS ON RAXUS PRIME.

THAT WAS *NOT* MY FAULT.

YOU NEED TO LET RAXUS PRIME GO.


WITH THE CONTINGENT ON DOCK LEAVE, ONLY THE BRIDGE CREW REMAINS ABOARD THE ECLIPSE.
WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?
I AM.

YOU WILL SET A COURSE FOR THE NIRAUAN SYSTEM.


SET A COURSE FOR THE NIRAUAN SYSTEM!
THE CREWMEN TURN AND TAKE THEIR POSITIONS AT THE CONSOLE, MIND-TRICKED EN MASSE.

COLD-START THE ENGINES. WE CAN JUMP RIGHT TO HYPERSPACE IF WE OVERHEAT THE LASER CANNON DRIVE.
THE EXHAUST WILL SPILL OVER--
--INTO THE PROPULSION SYSTEMS. WE CAN FREEZE THE CHAMBER.
DON'T YOU SEE?
YOU AND I?
HOW WE--
NOT THE TIME.

LET'S GET SOMEWHERE ELSE FAST!

I'M TRYING! EVERYTHING'S BACKWARDS.

SHIELDS UP!

SETTING CALCULATIONS FOR LIGHTSPEED.

WHO USES AN INVERTED CONTROL YOKE?

BADA-BOOM!!

THE ECLIPSE ROUGHLY DISENGAGES AND SCRAPES ITS WAY OUT. FUEL CONDUITS UNHINGE AND SPIT BLUE ENERGY, SLICING THROUGH THE DOCK'S INFRASTRUCTURE.

POE GAINS CONTROL OF THE CRAFT'S TRAJECTORY!

DO WE HAVE BB-8?

BB-8'S SHUTTLE DASHES TOWARD THE ECLIPSE!

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TURBOLASERS FROM THE ORBITAL RING FIRE ON THE ECLIPSE!

BOOM!

SHOONT!

IN THE CROSS-FIRE, BB-8'S MAINTENANCE CRAFT IS HIT!

BB-8, NOW!

WHOAAA!!

BB-8 EJECTS, FLOATS FIFTY FEET THROUGH COLD EMPTY SPACE, AND LANDS INSIDE THE ECLIPSE HANGAR.

WE'VE GOT HIM!

WE'RE GOOD FOR LIGHTSPEED!

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AS THE *ECLIPSE* JUMPS TO HYPERSPACE, A JAGGED, SINISTER SHIP APPEARS: *THE KNIFE 9 !*

THE SHIP, PILOTED BY *THE KNIGHTS OF REN*, MAKES ITS WAY TO THE ORBITAL RING.

SOON...

W-WE UPLOADED A VEIL CIPHER TO THE DROID. YOU'LL HAVE HER LOCATION THE MOMENT THE PROBE IS WITHIN RANGE.

OTT REN

JAEDEC REN

HATTAŞKA REN

LORL REN

TSHH!

NNNN
!!
OFFICERS AND STORMTROOPERS BACK AWAY. TENSE, AFRAID.
THE KNIGHTS RETURN TO THEIR SHIP, LEAVING ADMIRAL VONN'S BODY IN THEIR WAKE.
TO BE CONTINUED!!